

OCTOBER

SPOT

AMUSEMENT • • • • • ENTERTAINMENT • • • • • FUN

10¢

**A NEW TWIST
ON BROADWAY**

SEE PAGE 3



SPOT

VOL. I, NO. 2

OCTOBER, 1940

FRED FELDKAMP—Editor

RAY STARK—Hollywood Editor



AT LEFT you see what happens when a photographer sneaks up for a candid shot of another photographer making a candid shot. A. Eris, caught in the act of taking one of the performance shots in this issue of SPOT, is responsible for a large percentage of the pictures for features taken along the eastern seaboard. Before SPOT turned his life upside-down by giving him night-club and theatre assignments Eris specialized in metropolitan atmosphere shots such as horse auctions, down-and-outers on park benches, fishermen, and similar photographic studies. On several occasions he's been suspected of being a spy, and once—when he was snapping some fishermen on a pier in the East River, Manhattan—he prompted a large-scale shift of radio police cars to the dock he was using as a temporary studio. The explanation was simple enough. Seems the Brooklyn Navy Yard was just across the river. Eris has taken many pictures for rotogravure sections of some of our largest newspapers and has also worked for a number of mechanical and scientific magazines. We think his work is shown off at its best, though, in his performance shots, like the one at the left catching McKay, of Norman and McKay, making a three-point landing during the show at Leon & Eddie's in New York.

OUR Hollywood staff photographer—by name Charles Rhodes—has probably seen more famous screen stars in informal moments than any sixteen people picked at random at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Before joining SPOT Charlie devoted himself to working for a variety of screen magazines, his duties including shooting stars doing a fast rumba at the Trocadero, and relaxing in the wide open spaces of their den or boudoirs, as the sex may be. Charlie has been to every opening of any consequence and any party that involved more than two Grade B stars for the last seven years. Before taking up photography Charlie was a salesman, and was enticed into his present profession by his brother-in-law, a commercial photographer in Los Angeles. R. M. Siagg, who soon taught our hero how to point a camera and all the other tricks of a lensman's trade. Rhodes caught on fast, and almost before he knew what was happening he was on the staff of a national picture service agency in Los Angeles, snapping news photos. With the woods in Hollywood so full of movie stars, it was a natural progression to working for screen magazines. In addition to his handsome pick, we decided to throw in—all for the one price of admission—one of his photographic gems. We think that this shot of Elsie, the celebrated Borden cow, and two of her milkmaids is one of the best to come out of Hollywood as far back as we can remember.

Shutterbugs

Photographs taken exclusively for SPOT by A. Eris on pages 3-4-22-23-24-25 and the East Coast pictures on page 26.

Hollywood photos by SPOT's staff photographer, Charles Rhodes, on pages 7-8-9-16-20-21.

Hollywood photos on page 26 by Lawrence-Benes, Photos exclusively for SPOT on page 31 by Andre La Terza; on pages 32-33-34 by Ray Samuel; on pages 28-29 by Irving Daxler.

On the cover—Jerri Vance, of Leon & Eddie's.

Special pictures by International, Globe, Wide World, and Acme.





A NEW TWIST ON BROADWAY

The Vance of the Hour seems slightly a mused although upside-down. It's a new angle on night life.

BBROADWAY is blasé, Broadway has seen everything, is surprised at nothing and pleased with very little. This is the traditional and wholly inaccurate estimate of those who know the Big Street only from overhearsay.

True, the second rate and the mediocre performer would be better off playing Ladies Aid benefits back home. But the boy or girl who's good, who has a new twist, Broadway grabs to its bosom like a drowning man clutches a rope.

Jerri Vance is one of these. Nineteen years old, out of Henderson, Ky., to Leon & Eddie's via the Open Door in Philadelphia—is the dope on Jerri, who is giving a solid No to those who claim contortionists went the way of vaudeville. She wants to make musical comedy in three or four years and Broadway's betting she makes it in something less.



For five minutes before each of the four performances at Leon & Eddie's, Jerri limbered up, above. In a pinch she can do it in less. Taking the kinks out of her youthful, pliant body is done by special muscular exercises not by contortioning . . . Jerri looks like a little girl with a pout as she claps her feet, below. The clapping is echoed by the patrons. Every girl turns up her nose occasionally, and none more fetchingly than Miss Vance with the aid of her foot.



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Leon & Eddie's cuisine is largely a la carte and Jerri provided variety with a table d'hôte trick. She needs no practice, even on a new routine, and gets ideas from shows and movies. Gotham gourmets call this a tasty dish for jaded appetites.

Smoking a cigarette held between her toes can cause quite a stir in the early Manhattan a.m. At this time of day some of the rotating night clubbers are unable to smoke the cigarette they try to hold between their stiffening fingers.

Jerri gets ideas for new twist tricks from odd happenings. Falling downstairs, like this, gave her the inspiration for one of her most popular and diverting routines.



About 4 a.m. Jerri unwinds herself and goes for her favorite sport—bowling. On her first try she kept falling down, despite Jack Hilliard's coaching, left. This smart gal picked up the game quickly, however, and now averages 100 plus with easy-on-the-eye form.



BIG CITY

The Wild West

FOR A DAY

Takes Over Pendleton

FOR 361 days of the year, Pendleton, Oregon, has a population of 8,181 and is about as prominent nationally as Mt. Savage, Md., or Deep River, Conn. But during the other four days Pendleton is a booming metropolis, as it plays host to more than 50,000 tourists who jam its gaily-decorated streets for the annual roundup and rodeo.

Indians, cowhands, screen stars, dude ranchers, and the Doakes family rub elbows democratically during this famed cow classic, as they romp through the local inns and grogshops and scream at the bucking broncos. As a frontier fiesta this gymkhana is tops.

Saluting the Pendleton doings, held this year on Sept. 11 to 14, SPOT launches a series of features on America's smaller cities which bask once a year in the national spotlight.



Indians, richly costumed and mounted on beautiful horses, above, stage the "Westward Ho" parade on the main stem to open the jamboree. It is fitting that they grab the opening SPOTlight since their ancestors ruled here B. P. (Before Pendleton).

Give the red man a half hour's leisure and he'll get up an Indian stick game. This pastime doesn't make too much sense to white men, but nobody's making them to play it. The metron is the foreground is either going to call the police, get herself a drink of water or bulldoze a small steer.



Like the circus, the roundup opens with a grand parade of contestants and assorted dignitaries. Below, it's a good look for spectators to get a good look at the timer before the bucking broncos and steers start giving them the business.



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Injured in the line of duty! Photographer Patton of Pendleton is carried from the field after getting too close to one of the four-footed buckers. The necessity of closing in on top of the roundup's violent action makes the cameraman's task almost as dangerous as that of the contestant. He was not seriously injured.



For pure blood and thunder excitement the stagecoach race is not topped by any event of the roundup. The prospect of a dangerous spill whets the crowd's absorbed interest.



The interest of the Indian braves, right, is entirely genuine—not tourist atmosphere. Their colorful feather headdresses contribute to the brilliance of the Old West's pageantry.



George Creel, author and publicist, dances with an Indian girl at the McNarys' gay annual party.

Pete Papoose expresses a dissenting opinion of things in the Indian village baby clinic, right.

BATHING SUITS

From a BOTTLE



TO PREDICT what a woman will do next year is strictly a sucker game and pays off only in aspirin. To forecast what women will wear, particularly in the matter of bathing suits, is foolhardy. The beach consensus is that the trend is hell-bent for September Morn.

Here SPOT presents exclusively the conceptions of Max Factor, Jr., Hollywood make-up expert, on the 1941 design for eyestrain. Three styles are shown revealing from a great deal to almost all of the photogenic loveliness of one of LES BLONDES, who decorates the Florentine Gardens. She enjoys the performance of the great public service of previewing next year's near-nudity despite the fact that she's libelously monikered Miss Unconscious.

The lightning motif is tastefully demonstrated at the left. Although not striking twice in the same place, two bolts can go home and tell the same story. A Factor studio expert, right, puts the finishing touches on a brief model suitable for sports. The expert shows very fine southpaw control.



This strapless model is finished. The cosmetologist wipes off any misplaced traces of make-up. It wouldn't do to have Miss Unconscious overdressed. The "bathing suits" in this case consist of a coat of paint deftly applied with a brush to the nude model.

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FOOLING BALDHEADED ROW



Max Factor, Jr. and Miss Unconscious, right, examine the "synthetic skin" bra she will soon have applied.

The dancer, preparing for the try-on, looks a little doubtful as the Factor assistant holds the scanty "costume."



Miss Unconscious observes with great interest the first step in applying the left wing of the brassiere, above right. Much depends on that phony epidermis. It's all she's going to have between her and her fascinated public.

Liquid adhesive is spread on the inside to make it adhere smoothly to the skin. When the cosmetologist is finished with the tricky application it will be about as noticeable as a light sprinkling of cocoa on a Ubangi witch doctor.

"WHEN is a nude dancer not a nude dancer?" That is the question that has the vice societies and unaffiliated blue-noses baffled. There ain't been such thumbing of law books and peering at the Code of Criminal Procedure since some sportsport said it was illegal to burn witches.

"Synthetic skin" is at the bottom of it—an odd place for skin to be. Max Factor, Jr., Hollywood make-up expert, has perfected a compound so subtle that a girl's own mother can't tell whether she's nude or completely "clothed."

It is this uncertainty that has the reformers hanging on the ropes. Until now a quick gander at a night club dance revealed the performer's degree of nakedness. If it violated a section of something or other the cops were called. Now nothing short of scraping the body in question with a trowel reveals whether that is the dancer or the make-up magic you're getting a kick out of.

For the complete confusion of its readers SPOT enlisted the assistance of Mr. Factor and Miss Unconscious—Sylvia McKay to her friends. Sparing no effort or expense Miss McK is given an application of "synthetic skin" in the best places, with delightful, if practically invisible, results.

The "costume" comes off by the orthodox use of soap and water, but remains unmoved by water alone.





Expertly brushed and massaged, the bra blends with the skin. It then becomes filmy and pliable, without impeding the motion of the body or betraying its presence. The lily is gilded; its loveliness is unimpaired.

Now you see it, now you don't. Miss Unconscious takes the SPOT, light wearing the synthetic brassiere. She's legally (and lasciviously) clothed for the censors. You can't pull the wool over her eyes.





The Master of the Hounds sounds the call to the hunt—sort of a Tennessee yell. This backwoods to-ya-ho is heard frequently during the boar season, which extends from late October until December. Each hunting party is replaced in the field after three days by another group.

The dogs are rounded up for the hunt by Bud Graves, veteran guide, and placed in this canine club car trailer. This is joke with the dogs, known as Plotts. Their family tree is such that any old airedale or bound may be their Grandfather Rover or Great Aunt Sally Lou Plotts.



In the field, at right, hunters and dogs trek along the trail before plunging into the dense woods. Several of the well-trained Plotts are unleashed and successfully resisting the temptation to take off into the brush after rabbits.

BIG GAME AMERICAN STYLE

FOR those who think of pigs as a source of pork rather than peril, a trip to the uplands of Tennessee and North Carolina this Fall is guaranteed as an eye-opener.

Armed with high-powered rifles and long bows, hunters in groups of 25 will enter the brush. Their quarry is no moonshiner nor outlaw, but the meanest and most thoroughly vicious American game animal—the boar or wild pig. These rampant relatives of Mr. Disney's three little porkers have four razor-sharp tusks, capable of killing man or dog, and are descended from several boars imported from Prussia in 1912 by George Moore, owner of a vast hunting preserve.

They multiplied like rabbits in the thickly grown woodland of what is now the Bald River Game Refuge of Cherokee National Forest, into which they escaped when a forest fire destroyed the enclosure that held them captive. Plans to stock the refuge with deer in 1935 were stymied by the presence of the Prussian invaders, which destroy the undercover that deer feed on.

The U. S. Forest Service and the Tennessee Department of Conservation inaugurated the country's first wild boar hunt to clean them out. The hunt was not successful as far as killing boars went, but proved to be a sensationally popular sport. The authorities decided that hunting was a legitimate use for a national forest, sent the deer elsewhere, and perpetuated the event. It might therefore be said that the boars survive through an act of God and the exercise of Federal clemency.

This sport has long been a classic pastime in Europe, northern Africa, and India—where it is done on horseback and called pig-sticking. In Tennessee the hostile hog is stalked afoot, and the hunter who is anxious to remain in good health and have his dogs makes his first shot the last.

The sportsmen, and they are exactly that, have only three days to take the limit of one boar. The odds favor the boar better than 2 to 1; in the last two years 110 hunters have bagged only 49. Here SPOT brings you a successful hunt from men on the march to the homeward journey with the boar on the bumper.



And they've got him! The dogs have cornered a boar and approach him with the caution and respect they have learned from bitter experience. The boar's emery-looking tusks are not visible, since he is still young. As the hounds move in for the kill, the Plott at top leads lightly with his left, Madison Square Garden style.



The boar succumbs to a fast attack of lead poisoning from the hunter, W. L. Beaver, Chattanooga, Tenn., grocer. The guide at right expertly estimates that the boar's obituary will give its age as two years. Mr. Beaver's rifle is quite a hunk of artillery, but heavy calibre guns are required to halt the boar's vicious charge.



Joe Galloway, U. S. Forest Service official, gives first aid to a dog which got too close to the boar's tusk. The Plott's master, Guide A. Alken, tenderly holds its head while the courageous bound is patched up. Not many dogs are killed.

The airedale-hounds have stood the gaff of the chase and risked their lives to bring the boar to bay. Their reward is not long delayed and is strictly a la carte. The hunters dress the kill at once and the entrails, a purely canine delicacy, are fed to the four-footed members of the party. Every dog to his taste, on the saying goes.

Hunter Beaver needs the help of a guide to get his prize out of the woods, below left, and steps cautiously fording a stream with his prize. The scale over which Federal Game Warden Jerry Lithcoe presides shows that the boar was no lightweight, tipping the bar at an even 165 porky pounds, their reward for three days' work.

The last journey of a boar who forgot to duck. Down the narrow road drives the hunting party homeward bound from the game refuge. With proof of their success out in front of the car, they can still tell of "the big one that got away."



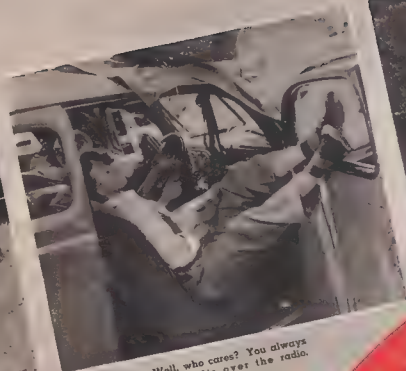
How to make a taxidermist happy. Let him mount the head of a six-year-old boar such as this and he'll be your true friend from then on.



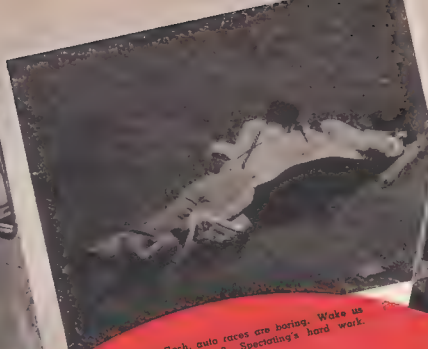
Wilbur Shaw gets the winner's flag at Indianapolis. The stands are crowded, but just as many spectators missed the climactic finish of the race entirely.

More than 100,000 vehicles carry spectators to such big motor carnivals as the 500-Mile classic. This laughing couple just blew in on a motorcycle.

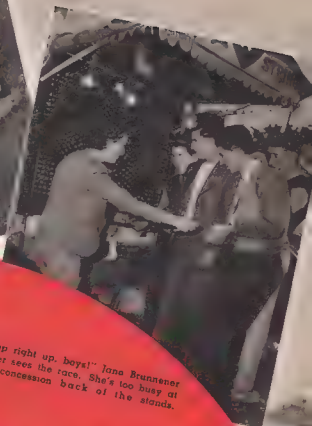
A private car at an auto race has all the conveniences of a luxury liner. Below, lunch is served, while the race is roaring on.



Who's winning? Well, who cares? You always can get the latest results over the radio.



Z-Z-Z-zzzzz. Gosh, auto races are boring. Wake us up for the finish, will you? Spectating's hard work.



"Sleep right up, boys!" Jane Brunnener never sees the race. She's too busy at her concession back of the stands.

CARBURETOR CARNIVAL

AMERICA'S nearest approach to the English Derby at Epsom Downs, or the Grand National automobile races held in this country during the summer months, just as the sporting, pre-war Britisher flocked with his entire family to the English horse classics giving over the whole day to the picnic ceremonies surrounding the event, so American families today, notably in the middle west, are turning our speedway contests into gigantic carnivals.

As at the blue ribbon British horse events, a day at such American motor marathons as the 500-Mile Race at Indianapolis or the Syracuse State Fair dirt track fixture is about 90 per cent circus and 10

per cent race. At Indianapolis, for example, trailer settlements crop up weeks before the day of the race: hawkers, sideshows, pitchmen, carousels and portable bars move in, and the hundred thousand or so who attend the affair spend the day sleeping, eating, gambling, feeding babies, playing cards, listening to the radio, having their fortunes told. Since the race itself consumes more than 4 hours, there's always time, between one diversion or another, to pop in and see how it's going.

While there undoubtedly are large numbers of people who attend auto races to see the auto races, the accompanying pictures prove there always is the roar of the motors boring.

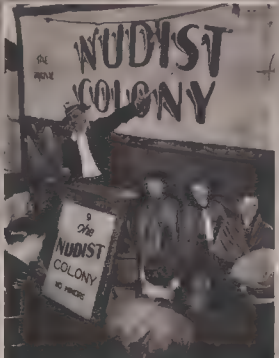
Ah, but here's what the crowd came for. Nudist shows and a weight guessing are forgotten when one of the drivers sidwipes the rail, and car and pilot hurtle into the air. He missed the Heaper by a hair.



Frankie Carver's little war racer is the first to this year's Indianapolis classic. Weeks ahead of the season's motor carnivals, it's a hot laundry and chore.



If you get tired of watching the buggies zoom around at Indianapolis, there's always a chance to get your weight guessed. Step up to all the comforts of Coney Island!



Why, what's this? A nudist colony at an auto race? This lively concession appeared at Indianapolis at this year's big race and is said to have drawn more customers in an hour than Sally Rand.



And after you've tried all the concessions, here's the perfect setup! Fast up an awning over head, and the big race whizzing by below you. Who could ask for more in the way of solid comfort and action-packed entertainment? These two lads, exhausted after a hard day, sleep through the final laps.



Paulette

ALWAYS GETS HER MAN

APPARENTLY Hollywood is grooming Paulette Goddard for a match with Joe Louis. There was that build-up bout with Rosalind Russell, in "The Women," and in "Northwest Mounted Police"—due soon at your local nickelodeon—One-Punch Paulette gets the nod over Lynn Overman on a technical knockout. From a usually reliable source, SPOT learns that Mike Jacobs is seeking Miss Goddard for a scrap this fall at New York's Madison Square Garden.

On these pages are the round-by-round pictures of the Goddard-Overman classic, which went nine rounds before Overman's handlers conceded defeat and threw in the towel. They are presented as evidence of the fact that One-Punch Paulette is a vastly improved fighter over her showing in the Russell melee, in which she lost the early stanzas (and her skirt), before rallying to subdue Miss Russell—who has been described by fistic experts as a pretty good mauler herself.

We call your attention particularly to Miss Goddard's well-aimed uppercut, which she unleashed on Battling Overman in the very first round. Rumor in Boxing Circles has it that the Brown Bomber expects to make a special trip to Miss Goddard's training camp this fall, just to study this killing punch.

One-Punch Paulette weighs in at 116 lbs. Any contenders of Miss Goddard's weight and sex may send their challenges to this office, in care of the Editor in charge of Paulette Goddard. Or, better still, we'd advise any prospective opponents to see Paulette in action in "Northwest Mounted Police."

SPOTLIGHT
ON HOLLYWOOD



Oops! Battling Overman leads with a nasty leer at Our Paulette, who is disguised as a half-breed Indian siren. The latter returns with her "secret weapon," which turns out to be an uppercut. Two judges gave this round to Paulette, and one near-sighted judge called it a draw.



Refreshed by a one-minute rest, the Batter leads with her chin to start Round Two. Overman presses his advantage, but Paulette, the coy strategist that she is, falls into a clinch to stall for a little time. Paulette makes very nice clinching, as if you didn't know. Overman clinches with his left and lets her have it with his right, which is not the way to treat One-Punch Paulette, who boss Mr. O's wagon.



Well, yes, we'll admit there's a bit of a foul here. But SPOT's boxing man decided not to penalize One-Punch. After all, Paulette is a lady, and this is the eye of chivalry, isn't it? O.K., so it isn't.



This was the first knockdown of the fight. Overman partisans insist it was the result of a clean blow delivered by their man, but ringsiders claim that Paulette fell over the waterbucket. The ringsiders took a look and fell for Paulette. Goddard may be down but she's far from out. Paulette's round.



The beginning of the end. Battling Overman sees that Goddard left cocked for a punch, and terror comes into his eyes. He faded badly after that, and his rooters' hearts begin to sink very rapidly.



One-Punch Goddard goes on relentlessly, hammering the hapless Overman into submission. Old fight-goers insist that Paulette reminded them of a cross between Jake Kilrain, Terry McGovern, and old Bob Fitzsimmons in this round.



And there's the knockout, and a jungle killer wailing in pain. Paulette—sometimes known as The Woman's Man—put the clinch on the body before Overman. Remember, she said, it was a loose right, Charlie. I'll be right home.

THE HARD ROAD TO SCREEN FAME

GRETA GARBO, Joan Crawford, and the rest of the veteran Hollywood actresses can feel mighty glad they're not climbing to stardom today. When they were coming up, all a young starlet had to do to gain national fame was to pose (1) in a bathing suit, (2) in track pants, (3) in a pirate outfit, or (4) picking watermelons.

Today, however, things are different. To crash the movies these days a girl has to go through a lot. She can't just pose—the way Garbo and Crawford did. Instead of a second or two of "hold that smile" before a still camera, in an interesting costume or situation, the exploitation routine of today is more like a trip through a cement mixer. To the girl who's been given the works by the studio publicity department, six fast rounds with Garqantua is a breeze.

She has to show she can ACT, to prove she can DO things. Hollywood's tests for future film queens include everything from riding a bucking bronco to playing the backfield for U. C. L. A. Not the least of these ordeals is showing her proficiency at motorbike polo.

On this page you will find some exclusive, action photos of the making of a screen star. Note the tired, worried expressions of these movie aspirants and then be glad you have some easy job, like working in Woolworth's or at a switchboard.



Lucille Fairbanks and Mildred Coles, over yonder to the left, are snapped by the studio photographer on the Warner Brothers lot.



The girls, with Susan Carnahan, right, take a look at the innards of one of the motorized "ponies," as Susan reaches deftly for the "feedbag."



They line up for the opening chukker! You can almost hear a handkerchief drop. And kindly don't ask how they close up even sides with three players.

Lucille is about to be mousetrapped by the opposition but tries a backhand swipe at the elusive ball. Mildred's team (polo) looks just a bit sloppy.



With its story, the *Antony and Cleopatra* winner of 1937 really stole the hearts and other sunny assets for the sake of publicity. If you think this is an easy way of getting ahead in the movie world, you're wrong.



"BLOW-UPS"

The Camera Catches Boners the Fans Never See

WHEN a movie player forgets or garbles his lines, or louses up the action of a scene, Hollywood calls it a "blow-up." It has nothing to do with either toy balloons or explosives. While an actor's mistake on the set is not necessarily interesting or funny his reaction to it is generally hilarious.

The quiet and retiring character actor may give out with profanity so lush and fruity that it would drive a mule skinner to drink. The two-fisted, rugged leading man is often reduced to impotent silence that imperils his arteries.

Needless to say the film footage recording these errors by cameras and near-great of filmdom is among the studios' most closely guarded possessions. Box-office patrons aren't supposed to know that the King Kings can err. When Claude Cumberbund loses his glamour with the Eureka matinee crowd his number is up.

The public is never permitted to see the film of these cinema Brodies and this is probably the first time Mr. and Mrs. Fan have gotten a glimpse of pictures selected from it. These photos are from the 1940 collection, which will have a private showing at February's Studio Club banquet.

The banquet film will probably include what is considered the all-time funniest "blow-up." It shows Dick Foran trying to mount his horse in a Western. After several tries, Dick sees he isn't going to make the grade, turns to the camera and growls, "I'll be a—but I STILL can't get my rear end off the ground."

A poignant scene between Ann Sheridan and James Cagney, half-blind newsdealer, below, starts out beautifully. But Miss Sheridan is about to lay three thespian eggs.

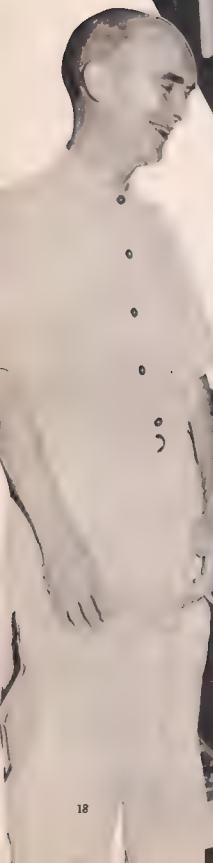


Then she blows! Ann Suffs the business in "City for Conquest" and gives the camera thumbs down as Cagney "taks, taks." Still cocky after the second "blow-up," she sticks out her tongue at the one-eyed monster. The third time she boote it the seriousness of her bungling his home and Ann looks really alarmed at her film spollage. Cagney, smiling until now, looks a bit fed up. His gesture seems to indicate his feelings. "Just a dame."

Pet O'Brien, usually the most polished actor, can blow a scene. Then comes the clenched fist, the O'Brien grimace.



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Jeffrey Lynn and Brenda Marshall approach an elevator in a scene from "Money and the Women." It looks really "blow-up" good. Oh, yeah!



So far, so good. They look at the indicator and see that there really is a shaft and an elevator behind that handsome white prop door. But trouble brews.



The scene runs into an open switch. The script says that Brenda pushes the button. Mr. Lynn knows this but habit and good manners triumph and he reaches for it too. Jeff's too, too courteous.



The lull before the storm. Who's wrong here? Jeff, the physical type of blower-upper, flings his hat to the floor in anger as Brenda hauls off and gives him the merry he-ho, the miax.



Barbara Stanwyck, left, reacts in the little-remembered scene when she slips her wiles in "Money and the Women." Glasses, laughs, at the film's climax and Frank Capra, the jovial director of the picture, also enjoyed the "blow-up." He generally does.



My, my, but isn't Eddie Albert the courtly fellow as he greets this beplumed charmer in "A Day After Tomorrow." Here's a guy with everything under control.



Mr. Albert, left, loses control like a drunken southerner with the party. Having just taken face down on the table he first grabs his trunk in a gesture of self-defense. Overcome with laughter he collapses again.



No man in Hollywood experiences more pain in a "blow-up" than the reliably comic Frank McHugh. Not even comfort him as he twitches and groans at the expensive blunder he has just made.

SPOTLIGHT
ON HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD'S

Good Girl

LET'S GO!

WHAT Gene Autry's doing to his ever-loving movie sweetheart shouldn't happen to Baby Snooks. June Storey, who shares Gene's affections with his horse, the great outdoors, and the cause of justice, should write to her Congressman.

It could only happen in Hollywood, touted as a fast-living town. But there's box office gold in Hero Autry's upstanding ruggedness, his regularity and non-sissiness, and his gal must be a shining light of peey-ure American womanhood—not only on stage but—so help us—onstage.

Hollywood will tell you it's the fans' fault. They put their Western heroes on pedestals—no smoking, drinking, or messing around on the mesa, even with their best gals. On the birds of a feather principle the hero's love interest must climb on the pedestal in each picture as **STANDARD**

No Smoking—our Gene wouldn't go with a gal who "smoked" and it might tempt him to break training; No Drinking—heavens to betsy, no, except well water or lemon phosphates; No Silk Stockings—scripts demand western garb (and to wear them offstage would be high hat); No Marriage (an unvirginal step); and No Kissing—it would make Gene a sissy and for June to smooch others would make her a loose woman. SPOT brings the untold Storey, liason and alluring.

Tense moment! June returns that look down the nose with an "unflinching gaze mixed with loathing." Doesn't she and know enough to rub his hands out of his pockets when sneering at a lady? Autry smiles, probably because he holds the mortgage or the map showing the trail to the lost mine.



June climbs into her britches under the direction of a hair-dresser. She's done this before, so she doesn't put boots on.





Oh no they don't! You think that June and Gene are going to get into the Society for the Suppression of Smooching. What do you think of that? A clean-minded he won't run on a muddy track and he'll break up the marriage. Right, June's not really liked with the girl pulling her leg—she's not a good girl.



This is the Storey the fans don't see in "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride." The filmy negligee reveals what the horse opera enthusiasts never suspected—that June is blessed with the body beautiful, even as Sheridan and Turner. The story seems to shock her. Maybe the heroine got kissed—the old frontier floozy.



The studio Starlocks took the night off and June is ready to hit the hot spots. Maybe the public is always right, but here we have an angle of the lady's personality that could be emphasized. She's really GOOD and looks it.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

New York's Diamond Horseshoe Turns the Century Twice a Night

THE first night club that an out-of-town visitor to New York wants to see is invariably Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, which is noisy, gay, and lavish. The pictures on these pages will give you some idea of the carnival atmosphere that prevails at the mighty mile's extravaganza every evening. The current show includes (1) a torchlight parade preceding the election of Teddy Roosevelt; (2) a collection of the most beautiful show girls and dancers in any Broadway club; (3) comedians; (4) acrobats; (5) a group of old-time stage stars appearing at the Horseshoe at two shows a night "in person," and; (6) a strip-tease number done to the accompaniment of a bulging old hat xylophonist who pretends to be unaware of the girl peeling off her clothes. Maestro Rose has been operating successfully on the principle that it pays to give the customers their money's worth. The average dinner costs \$2.50, with Scotch-and-Soda and rye highballs at 60 cents each. This entitles the customer to view the 70 minute show from a table near the floor, ogle the cigarette girls, and sing "God Bless America" in a red white-and-blue paper hat.

Performance photographs at Billy Rose's by A. Evans

SPOTLIGHT ON NIGHT LIFE



The frenzied pace for the varied Horseshoe activities is set by Orchestra leader Noble Sissle, of the original "Hot Chocolates"—a show which created a sensation on Broadway in 1928.



During the torchlight parade and later in the spectacle, the girls weave through the audience in their finery. Customers not on the line of march often came up for a close-up view.



The Horseshoe is neat AND gaudy, with fluted pillars, coray candelabra, red plush drapes, and assorted gingerbread to dazzle the eye, plus a quartet dressed as waiters in masks which give them that authentic aged-in-the-wood look around the gills. And in case your eye tires of these ornate fixings, there are always the gals, God bless 'em!



Only rarely does the major-domo himself show up to see how the customers are enjoying themselves. Sitting at the base of a pillar, the fabulous Mr. Rose gives the place a glum double-O.



And the show is on! The Lane Brothers do a few turns, drawing applause for this stunt. One skips rope while lying on his brother's back.



Eddie Leonard, the old-time minstrel man, makes up for the first show. This is the only backstage shot made of Eddie, now 75, in recent years.



Sixty-year-old Pat Rooney, who toured the vaudeville circuit when Hector was a pup, coverts nimble about and gets a big hand.



Onstage in blackface, Eddie sings "Ida—Sweet as Apple Cid—der," while diners harken back to the Good Old Days at the turn of the century.

Most patrons find it hard to believe that performers like Gilda Gray, whom they remember from childhood, are actually doing their routines in person. She still does a mean shimmy, as you can see.



Between shows the customers dance, sing, cut-up generally, and buy souvenirs for the folks back home. The fastest selling novelty is the rubber doll which writhes seductively when correctly manipulated by an expert. They're imported and cost \$5.



Chorus numbers all have spectacular motifs. Dressed in delicate football uniforms these dancers prance around while the drums roll for Army, Georgia Tech, and other pipskin universities. It brings college culture to the customers. These straight-arms look cute but convincing!



Continued on Next Page



One of the most applauded features in the show is Julian Fänge, the almost legendary female impersonator. Now 57, he is pictured here in his dressing room preparing to apply the grease paint. In 1929 he thought he was through with all this and retired to a \$300,000 ranch which he had saved out of his cigarette money. But there's no arguing with Billy Rose who knows what he wants and hires them.

In the wings the girls get in a huddle to arrange before moving out to give the customers more of what they came for. The lovely ladies all have pet names, by which they are known by regular patron customers. Sam Down, for example, usually. Remember the Bull? Come to read now! Water. All the girls in the show are simple but dance like Howard, who usually showed very easily.



The number that brings patrons back again and again is this act featuring "Professor" Lombardi, the world's worst xylophonist. After each lusty chorus the Prof asks: "Wanta hear another few bars?" He seems completely intent on his work and doesn't notice Miss Highbee, who takes off a few more of her hot clothes each time.



Julian dons his powdered wig and ruffled hoop skirt and he's ready to trip the light fantastic to the tune of "When You Were a Tulip and I Were a Red, Red Rose." When Billy wired him offering a job with the show, Ellipse looked at his accounts, decided he was losing money on the ranch, put it up for sale at \$40,000 and headed for the Horseshoe. In his prime, his wardrobe turned his entire female audience Nile green with envy, and even today he can muster a variety of little numbers that would make most night club swells look as though they were dressed for a morning session at cleaning the cellar.



Herman Hyde adds a light touch of comedy to the proceedings with the help of a large collection of unexpected props. Above he prepares his gags before the show. The fruit on top of the harp is to tide him over if he gets hungry during his act, and the squirrel, a discriminating rodent, jumps at him at intervals.



While sawing away at "The Moth" on his violin, a phony moth flies out of the fiddle and flits about under his nose. . . . From the violin to the harp is the work of a moment, and Herman plucks studiously at the celestial strings. Each time he releases his hold on one, it swings into the posterior of the wooden gal who holds the harp together and she jumps forward in the middle. . . . And as a final insult, Mr. Hyde uses her as a handy bottle opener. Dr. Jekyll would never have done it.



After "Butch" Highbee gets down to as little as the low allows, she is escorted by Miss Down on the left. Lombardi, looking very nervous, keeps up his act and angrily waves her off.

WE WUZ ROBBED!

WOOG and Iggy were slugging it out with a couple of sharpened rocks in a prehistoric cave over a lizard filet. Woog was losing on points when he thought of kicking Iggy in the stomach.

When Iggy came to, he flexed his Neanderthal larynx and gave forth an embittered cry: "Foul!" That lament and that accusation has echoed down the ages.

It remained for Joe Jacobs, of hallowed memory in the Court of the Cauliflower Kings, to express it in a phrase of such pithiness that it will probably be heard forever. Joe felt that the world had been created for the sole purpose of depriving him of profit and prestige. Once when the attempted larceny seemed to exceed endurance he shifted his cigar and croaked in pure Manhattanesse, "We wuz robbed."

Fouls are commonplace in most sports but trying to photograph them makes cameramen prematurely grey. SPOT-lighted are five classic shots of dirty work, intentional and unintentional, at the crossroads.



Unnecessary roughness by the Pitt end, right foreground, failed to stop a long Fordham gain. This clawing could cost Pitt 15 yards if the opposing eleven accepts the penalty.

Ice hockey, fast and full of body contact, breeds fistfights and "high-sticking." The rugged ice warriors inflict plenty of damage with fists, knees, elbows, and sticks or anything else that's handy.



Baseball's most dangerous risk—the bean-ball. It is sometimes used to drive back the hitter who crowds the plate. Unpenalized, it killed one major leaguer and injures many. This batter escaped.



What looks like the end of a wrestler's airplane spin is a spectacular basketball foul. The Penn player, at right, swings the Maryland basketball through the air, in direct violation of eight or ten rules of the court game. Until he was snapped like a whip, the Marylander was headed down court with the ball well on his way to the goal. The foul was justly called on Penn.



Wrestling dirty work leaves little to be desired by the most bloodthirsty. Out of the ring, one gladiator pretends to bruise the other with a stool as a snappy kidney punch is launched in retaliation.

SPOT LIGHT ON FUN

SPOT presents the photo-cartoon. We hope they're good for laughs.

"I'M NOT AN OLD COW-HAND, MY DEAR, BUT I THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THAT COSTUME"



"I'M AFRAID GENERAL POTTLE SUSPECTS SOMETHING, DARLING"



"HELLO, LOCKSMITH? I WANT SIX MORE DOOR KEYS---ONE WITH A BELL ON IT"



IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED--

-Even When You're a Magician



John Mulholland, left, the only magician "Who's Who" chose to list, performing the 2,000 year old ring mystery at a meeting of the S.A.M. Each ring weighs two pounds!



Hardeen, brother of the late Harry Houdini, performing his family's famous escape from a sealed and locked water-filled milk can, before rushing to his "Hellscapeppin" act.



Back-of-the-room spectators. The two gentlemen at the left decide they know the secret of this trick. But Magus, on the right, smiles knowingly. He must be a magician.



Magicians are autograph hunters at heart--as long as it's another magician's autograph they're hunting. Cardini here signs another wizard's program. Although in his act he can pick cigarettes from the air, he pulled this one from his pocket!



Walter Hampden, who believes that the mystery of all theatrical arts should be retained, bows to Magicians Mulholland and Think A Drink Hoffman, who believe in keeping the secrets of magic from the consumer.

IN ALL the world of entertainment, there is no friendlier group of performers than magicians. They are personally and professionally gregarious, as clanish as a hive of bees. Seventy years ago this inherent friendliness began when the wizards and conjurers started meeting in the back room of a magicians' supply house in the New York theatrical district. From these conventions grew the Society of American Magicians, founded in 1902. Every famous magician you've ever seen has belonged.

At its meetings these days, the gavel and the agenda are shoved out of the way as quickly as possible in order to permit the magicians to get down to the business at hand—showing one another their pet feats of magic.

The pictures on this page were made at one of these informal gatherings, to which no one but magicians are permitted entrance. Even Irving Deslor, who took

the pictures for SPOT, had to prove that he was an S. A. M. member in good standing before taking off his hat.

A magician doesn't attend an S. A. M. meeting to pick up a new trick—ethics forbid that. Even in magic the specialist has superseded the general practitioner, and there are men who work only with cards, others who specialize in money tricks, and still others who go in for more sensational effects. The follower of any branch attends these jam sessions to find out what's new in his own department.

We hope you're not too disillusioned when you note that these gatherings are not made up of a group of starry-robed individuals with beady eyes. A magicians' meeting looks just like a convention of lawyers, bankers, shoe clerks, or even magazine editors, as these SPOT pictures prove.



Jean Irving, who began doing magic when all New York's theatres were downtown, demonstrating his feat of 50 years ago. Irving is a "must" at all S.A.M. get-togethers.



Of the 3,000 magicians who have belonged to the S.A.M. since its founding, less than a score have been women. The ladies are said to be so mysterious themselves that man-made mysteries appeal to few of them. Dell O'Dell, above, is one of the most popular performers, without any regard to sex.

The history of magic fascinates magicians, and Leo Harris shows the members how to catch selected cards on a rapier, a feat famous 100 years ago but still one of the trickiest in the business.



"Show me a trick, Mister!" a young admirer urges Magician Dai Vernon, as the latter leaves the meeting. And Vernon does, changing the lad's penny into a nickel before the boy's startled eyes. Inflation?



Supper at a nearby restaurant follows the meeting. But the magicians never know what they eat because they're too busy watching one another do tricks. Half-dollars are found in rolls, the ketchup turns to beer, and the waiters go nuts. Anything can happen—and does.



Tables are cleared, milk wagons have made their rounds, and the sun is up, but Moris Star Magician Chester Morris has another one to show Audley Walsh before they call it quits for the evening. They can't leave the staff alone.

IT'S A LIVING!

THE classic rejoinder to any dirty crack about one's means of making a living is: "It's better than driving a truck."

It is SPOT's confirmed editorial opinion, after looking at the pictures on this page, that there are several occupations which are not only not better than driving a truck, but also not as good. A memorandum has been forwarded to the Teamsters' Union suggesting libel action if any one of several people favorably compare their gainful employment with piloting a 20-ton truck and trailer.

By this time you have been overcome by curiosity and have taken a quick glance at the photos in this department. You have? Good. You are ready to act as a guinea pig for our theory. The theory (A) is that these girls, and the others in similarly odd and rigorous pursuits, took the jobs on Theory B, best demonstrated by the man who was hitting himself on the head with a hammer. For the benefit of those who just came in, it may be explained that this gentleman gave himself this odd scalp treatment because it felt so good when he stopped.

There are girls in the entertainment SPOTlight who will do practically anything for a laugh—or should that be the public's laugh! In carnivals, fairs, night clubs, and occasionally on what is laughingly known as the legitimate stage, they are bitten, submerged, strangled, and exposed to the elements.

In the entertainment world few things are any better than 6 to 5 and take your choice, but of this you can be certain: let any xmy promoter think up a show involving the performance of less than first-degree murder and the girls ready to do it will conga a path to his anteroom. Greater love for Art hath no gal than this.



Swimming is considered easy, except in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" at the New York World's Fair. This babe has to hold her breath for long periods and achieve trying positions constantly. Incidentally, this is SPOT's last dying mention of the Fairs, either Whalen or Western.



Margot Brander's music is interrupted by mayhem during the course of the N. Y. Fair's Aqueduct. Her aria was slipped in the bud by Frank Libase, popular comic, whose front teeth have become very familiar with the Brander digits. She screams awfully well.

No one is less surprised than McKay when she is assaulted four times nightly at Manhattan's Leon & Eddie's. She and her partner, Norman, begin a routine ballroom dance in the accepted manner which rapidly becomes a combination burlesque and Pier 6 brawl.



Elinor Troy, 6-foot beauty at N. Y. G.'s Flamingo Gardens, is the victim of a little Trojan horseplay from Sugar (No Gey) Giese. This is not a regular feature of the show, but a page shot of a different night. No angst.

"MANHATTAN BEACH"

IN NEW YORK, as elsewhere, a man's home is his castle. Unlike Paducah, Ky., however, the Gothamite's roof is his beach. Let the mercury slide into the upper 60's and there's a great scurrying up stairs and attic ladders to the roof for Vitamin D and sun tan.

On this page SPOT presents candid pictures taken on a typical roof top beach in Manhattan. The editors present them with some pride, confident that they represent the strongest argument against the sloping roof which man—and we mean MAN—has yet devised. If the house next to YOU has gables and eaves, examine these photos carefully before signing your next lease.

Those of you who live in Boothbay Harbor or Spokane may think these urban outings silly. But you can sniff the ozone and absorb the ultraviolet rays at a convenient beach or swimming pool. For the Manhattan cliff-dweller the nearest resort is in the next county and jammed.

The roof is a happy solution and requires no costume. This means you're not alone in your fun.

Our photographer was flying a kite on his roof top when he was surprised by a pair of "beach" belles. Not too surprised, though, to snap them preparing to take a top deck siesta.

From a vantage point behind an abandoned pigeon cote the lurking lensman records this modest disrobing scene. The beauty is down to fundamentals, but one hides nothing from the sun. Looks cozy, doesn't it?

The meeting has come to order. Louella stretched out, the sun bather quite the same elements free that cost \$1 a minute at swank watering places. Her companion is lookout for Peeping Toms, like our photographer.



EVER since the first colored pianist started "beating it out" in pre-Civil War days, New Orleans has been the cradle of hot music in this country. All the authentic Dixieland jazz had its origins in the red light quarter of the Creole city—a fabulous district called Storyville, which has long since turned respectable.

Colored clubs in New York's Harlem are apt to strike the visitor as sophisticated—and the gaiety will probably seem a trifle deliberate. The same cannot be said about the smaller clubs in New Orleans, a city which 175,000 negroes call home. Here the patrons—all colored—let down their hair and go into high gear with every step in the book and some that aren't—all in the interests of having a maximum amount of legal fun.

To give you a clear-cut picture of what an authentic colored jump joint is like, SPOT sent one of its photographers to the Tick Tock Tavern, where porters and colored "swells" alike drink beer, gin, or Coca-Cola and dance all night to fast hoogie wobble or slow blues accompaniment. The Tick Tock can accommodate 700 on the dance floor (everybody dances) but packed in 1200 enthusiastic fans the night Louis Armstrong played there two years ago. Louis and Ethel Waters both worked as regular entertainers at the Tick Tock early in their careers.

The club was opened as a hobby but is currently operated by a colorful, popular negro named "Beansie," who runs it as a money-making proposition. The admission charge at a matinee session is 15 cents a head, for men and women alike. Girls don't need escorts, and men don't worry about dates. The dances are run catch-as-catch-can, but no cutting in once the "set" has started. This nefarious practice was outlawed some time ago as unfair competition. Sunday "matinee" starts at 4 and ends at 9. Time out is then called before the evening session begins, at 9:05. Evening admission for matinee holdovers is a quarter, for fresh trade 30 cents apiece. The band is scheduled to work nominally until 2 a. m., but they seldom leave before dawn, unless the musicians are in a downcast mood, which is rare.

The most popular liquid refreshment is beer, selling for 10 and 15 cents a bottle. Coca-Cola, at a nickel a shot, is very popular, especially with the persons who carry half-pint hip bottles from which they spike their cokes. It's possible to buy a bottle of champagne at the Tick Tock, but the bartender with the record for selling bubbly water boasts of selling two bottles in the last three years.

Some of the top colored bands play "one-nighters" at the Tick Tock when they're on road tours through the South.



The Tick Tock is a second-story affair on South Rampart St., a thoroughfare held in reverence by hot music devotees. Above, some "swells" decide on a visit to Beansie's place.



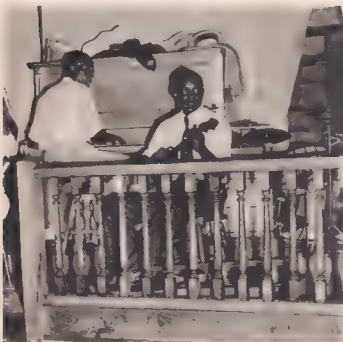
A narrow flight of stairs brings the customers to the scene of operations. Beneath the dance hall are the Astoria Hotel sandwich stand and a barber shop. The hall itself is painted a vivid orange and blue, but its usual trimmings of busting and Spanish moss have been abandoned since the recent fire in a similar hall in Natchez, where 200 were fatally burned.



An evening at the Tick Tock is bound to be a complete social success. On the rare occasions when a brawl over a girl's company starts, a tall, smiling bouncer, who doubles as a ticket taker, takes the situation in hand. But there is seldom any real trouble. Everybody's too busy dancing and drinking to start any fights.



Straight whiskey sells for 15 cents, and highballs cost from 25 to 50 cents. The 15-cent gin fizz is the most popular mixed drink, according to the two bartenders and one helper, who are kept busy setting them up from before dusk to dawn.



Current attraction on the bandstand is the Moonlight Serenaders. The floor show consists of three acts of local talent—a master of ceremonies, a dance team, and a girl who mimics Ella Fitzgerald.



The inherent rhythm of the colored race reaches full flower in the early morning hours at the Tick Tock. The older dancers prefer to move a little more slowly, and prefer blues accompaniment. The large percentage, though, like the music hot and fast, and they get it that way mostly all night long.



The favorite dance is a number known as "Eagle Rockin'" in which the boy and girl stand opposite, keep their feet stationary, and weave their torsos provocatively from side to side.



A street dancer called "Pook Chop" takes a busman's holiday with some Eagle Rockin'. Height of dancers means nothing—it's the spirit.

Continued from Previous Page



This pianist needs an empty Coca-Cola case to help him reach the keyboard and bang out a little boogie-woogie. Excuses make it impossible for the musicians to get their allotted rest.



Thin-thighed singer doesn't mind straining his vocal cords to the limit as long as he pleases the crowd. Preferred tune for the other folks who like sentimental "slow drag" is "St. Louis Blues."



The Tick Tock rules state that no one under 16 will be allowed to the place. Nevertheless, here is 16-year old Billie Mae Hunt, swinging out at 1 a. m. with a 12-year old partner. Billie is just as accomplished at the Savoy, Lindy, and Saxy Q as any rag-cutter twice her age. (I don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing. Below, a pair of young bucks retire from the floor and recoup a little strength as dawn creeps up.



This young man was thought to be white when he arrived, but he convinced the management that he's really colored. Unemployed during the day, he seems to be very well employed at night.

CORNIEST CHEESECAKE OF THE MONTH



There's all kinds of cheesecake, as you'll find out by following SPOT each month, but this streamlined version of "September Morn" on roller skates by "Nydia" is our favorite. We defy you to top it.



Most solemn strip-tease act of the year is Yvette Dore's, in which Einstein, her sacred parrot, removes her abbreviated costume, layer by layer. Her publicity department would like us to believe that Miss Dore and her partner are inseparable. Hence this shot of Yvette and Einstein sharing a shower. Both members of the act seem to be well out of the shower, but what does that matter in a shot like this?



Which brings us to two very good examples of the uses of cheesecake in commercial advertising. The picture above left is sent out by one of the nation's largest advertising agencies with a perfectly straight face as a boost for the bumper pineapple crop. Pineapple, as you can see, is Betty Sharpe's favorite fruit. At right, Merrile Deanne, ex Earl Carroll girl, is all stuck up with Christmas seals. What an I bid for 8 or 10 dozen seals? Step right up, gents.

A LOT of corn has gone over our desk since we started this feature last month, and SPOT representatives have been on the alert to snare the corniest shots for this page. Newspaper editors from coast to coast are deluged daily with fetching cheesecake—which is the trade term for pictures of lovely ladies with their lower limbs exposed.

These photos—delightful as they are—are seldom used, mostly because the connection between the beautiful gams and the product advertised is so far-fetched that the whole thing is downright ridiculous. SPOT, however, feels that these photographs deserve a better fate than being tossed unceremoniously into the wastebasket, after the editor has finished inspecting them.

To bring this fresh cheesecake to our readers, SPOT'S men have been hiding behind the right wastebaskets and catching these photos on the rebound. Some of them, we agree, aren't worth a second glance. But others—like the ones on this page—certainly shouldn't be kept from the public because of most newspapers' strict adherence to convention or because various editors feel out-of-sorts 7 hours out of every 8.

We think these shots are just as significant, in their way, as pictures of bridges being bombed—and a good deal more agreeable to look at.

Cheesecake of championship calibre also comes in very handy for cheering yourself up. Some guys cherish their worst Christmas ties, which serve as braces when the world looks pretty black. We offer the same service with this feature. Save your favorite, the corniest and creepiest cheesecake, and hide it. Next month you may need a laugh.

If you've encountered any cheesecake which you think should be preserved for posterity, send in the dope and we'll try to include the pictures in question in a forthcoming issue of SPOT.



IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Next Month

THE talk in Hollywood these days concerns the "Battle of the Bumps" now being waged between Carmen d'Antonio, representing the movies, and Charmaine, the burlesque queen of the West Coast, pictured at the right in the midst of her number. SPOT will give you both sides of the argument—in pictures—in our November issue... The SPOTlight on Night Life becomes for next month's issue the "SPOTlight on Madness" as we focus it on Jack White's screwy 18 Club on New York's 52nd Street. A preview picture of White and three of his fellow zanies appears directly below... In case you aren't already aware of it, Mississippi stern-wheelers didn't die with McKinley. As you can see in the photo at the bottom of the page, they're still puffing away... SPOT next month will include a camera account of a trip on one of these historic river boats... plus many other interesting features. November SPOT will be on sale everywhere on October 11.





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